

# CHAPTER

## The SECOND.

### I.

OF all the Elections that ever was known,  
To engage the attention of county or town;  
The like with the present you'll ne'er see again,  
Such Proposers, such Candidates, Measures, and Men:  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### II.

JOLLY DICK, first steps forth and a Member proposes,  
And swears that "by G—d he will count all your noses."  
And should not their number his purposes bit  
'Tis twenty to one, but your Noses he'll split.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### III.

An Orator next, must be found to display  
The Commodore's courage, his—*et cetera*—  
And who could more aptly the office fulfill,  
Than M———L well known to have Words at his Will.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### IV.

Now let us pursue in historical order  
The steps of your *worthy* and *able Recorder*,  
How he shuffled and cut, what quirks and chicane  
He contriv'd his own wishes securely to gain.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### V.

But hark! how the Street does with Curfes resound,  
'Tis the Duke for blaspheming and Treason renown'd,  
He swears by his Coach, for a God he denies,  
He brings us a Candidate, honest, and wise.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### VI.

Then POTTER stand forth,—your own Merits disclose,  
He *must* speak for himself—whom *nobody knows*,  
Your Contract deny—Independence declare,  
You've only to lie, and your Patron will swear.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### VII.

Old Sweetwood, so firm to the Patriot Tribe  
Who fain would persuade us, he'd kick at a Bribe,  
Yet his Troop and his Government keeps to himself,  
Left another *left worthy*, should finger the pelf.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### VIII.

Little Cardigan Bob—who petitions, and speaks  
'Gainst Contractors—then slyly incognito sneaks,  
Emerges—they say—in *more Cases than one*,  
To father a Bantling that's none of his own  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### IX.

Billy B—k—r so warm in the Cause does engage,  
That nought can his turbulent Spirit assuage,  
Left his Virtues which all must so justly admire,  
Be ascrib'd to his Guardian—instead of his Sire.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*

### X.

How happy the Borough that falls in such hands,  
How high in the Favour of Heaven it stands!  
When such Leaders, such Agents, together unite,  
To confuse all Distinction of Freedom and Right.  
*Derry down, down, &c.*